Good Deed

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Markus is the officer assigned to Kurt Schmid during a press tour the higher ups have sent some of the returning soldiers

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Free Space
Note: this is the result of the polls I ran to decide on which bingo prompts to use for my free space. The ones decided were spanking and threesome. The final poll (choosing the characters) was a tie, so I went with Markus/Kurt/Freddie as I was hit by an idea! Enjoy!

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

“You don’t have to do this.” Markus told the young man sitting next to him. They were in a small conference room specifically set up for this stupid fucking debacle.

Hadn’t these men been through enough without the military parading them out to journalists?

They’d each been assigned to a more experienced officer, someone to go with them to these stupid things, and for Markus, he got Kurt Schmid.

He was a quiet lad, but he came to life when talking about medicine and saving people. When he trained as a doctor he could have done anything, worked in any kind of medical care, but instead he’d signed up. He joined the forces because he wanted to save lives, not end them. And honestly, that was fucking refreshing given the amount of assholes Markus had encountered over the years. Meatheads who just wanted to play with guns and have an excuse to shoot at brown people. Kurt was so far from that and Markus admired him. He was glad, after what had happened on his deployment in Somalia, that he hadn’t become jaded or changed his mind about his career. He still wanted to do good deeds.

In the quiet room, he felt - rather than saw - Kurt glance across at him, and a small smile of gratitude greeted him when he did turn to look.

“I know, it’s okay.”

Kurt had a soft accent from somewhere in America that Markus couldn’t name. He liked it though, liked Kurt’s smile and his eyes. His fucking eyes were beautiful.

Markus swallowed down that thought and looked away, back to the door.

*

The hotel bar was loud and Markus was glad. It was loud enough to drown out the thoughts in his head after the shit show of a day.

The press had been pretty good with Kurt, respectful. Except Freddie Lounds, one of those vulture-like journos who wrote for tabloids. Markus would admit there was a good point to some of her questions - around the operation, the loss of lives, especially of the Somali civilians. But that wasn't for Kurt or any of the men to answer, those questions were for the top brass. And when he interjected to tell her so, Kurt had tensed and she'd smirked at him as her eyes had flicked between him and Kurt.

A fucking bloodhound.

He hadn't been laid in forever. He'd joined the UN taskforce once Mathilde had gone off to college, and hoped that would bring back some of the life he'd had before his wife died. But there's no such thing as a magic fix and it's no good trying to run from things you don't want to address.

He could fucking try though.

He'd never given a shit about being attracted to men when he was married - it was something he knew about himself but never had to deal with. But since he'd become unexpectedly single again it seemed like every guy he met held some sort of appeal. He'd looked it up - bisexual. And he found via various internet forums that he wasn't the only person to fixate on his sexuality after a change of circumstances.

It was all normal. But that didn't mean he wanted to, or could, act on it.

Because if he could…

Markus let out a sigh and then downed the rest of his beer, thoughts of Kurt Schmid running rampant in his mind. What it would be like to have those beautiful eyes look at him with longing, feel those soft lips, those steady hands--

Markus slammed his empty glass down onto the bar.

"Hey there soldier, something wrong?"

Markus recognised the voice of Freddie Lounds and didn't feel the need to turn and respond. So instead she took the seat beside him and sat much closer than necessary. He should have found a local bar to drink at instead.

"Nice to see you again," She offered cordially, at which Markus responded with only a grunt.

That pulled a chuckle from her and she signalled the server, ordering a drink for herself and the same again for Markus.

"I should go," he finally responded, turning to her.

She had a quirked brow and an expression that dared him to stay. He huffed and relaxed back on his stool when the drink was placed in front of him.

"Not sure I want to socialise with you, Miss Lounds. You were pretty tough on that kid."

She smirked and shrugged, “He’s a big boy, he can take it. What about you?”

“Excuse me?” Markus frowned, unsure what she was asking until her hand landed on his knee and slowly moved up his thigh.

“Are you? A big boy?”

Markus wanted to jump up from the stool and walk out, but he stayed. Rooted to the spot as he willed her hand to both move further up and let go of him altogether.

She was beautiful, there was no denying that. And perhaps sleeping with a woman would get him out of this strange funk he was in?

He swallowed, and her smile softened.

“Don’t say I intimidate you?” She leaned in close to breath the words against his ear. Reflexively, he reached up, his hand in her hair, holding her there though not gripping too hard. Just enough to correct any misconceptions.

“I’ve not been intimidated by anyone for a very long time,” He growled at her, “least of all a naughty little girl like you.”

He meant the words, even if he hadn’t intended to word it like that. He wanted to spank her and he was pretty sure she’d let him. And that way he could forget all about--

“Is everything okay here?” Kurt’s voice came from behind them and they immediately jumped apart, Markus’ hand falling from her red curls.

Markus turned to look at him and saw the concern in his expression, and - perhaps - hurt. Some of the other lads were settling at a table behind them and once more Markus cursed himself for not finding a different bar.

Freddie let out another soft chuckle, her gaze falling on Kurt. “Just blowing off some steam after a long day.” Kurt continued to look at her, and Markus was sure there was a spark between.

“I’m going to leave,” Markus huffed, getting to his feet. It was time to call it a night.

“What? Wait--” Kurt spoke up and then immediately cut himself off, glancing furtively back towards Lounds. Obviously concerned about what she thought.

Markus didn’t wait, he headed for the elevators.

*

Markus felt like an idiot. He’d acted like a teenager, walking out because his crush might be interested in someone else.

Ridiculous.

He had a shower, trying to reset.

He scrubbed his hand over his face as he stepped from the shower, no better for it. Water dripped from his beard as he wrapped a towel around his waist. He grabbed a small towel to run over his

face and hair when he heard a knock at his door.

Markus' jaw clenched and he considered for a moment just ignoring it.

"Markus?" He heard Kurt's voice through the door - of course. All the soldiers and their assigned officers were on the same hallway.

He let out a heavy sigh and opened the door, surprised then to see both Kurt and Freddie.

"What the fuck?" Markus muttered, resisting the urge to immediately shut the door. Before he had a chance to ask them to leave, Freddie was through the door, sweeping past him as though he wasn't half naked.

Freddie held up her hands as she turned to him, "This is off the record. I'm doing my good deed for the… year." She looked between Markus and Kurt.

Markus closed the door, whatever this was he didn't need people walking past and getting into his business more so than Lounds already was.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Markus growled.

"Look, I've been caught up in this sort of thing before. So call it a good deed, or call it self preservation. I know what happens when two people try to fight it, it gets… messy." Her expression was almost haunted, but then she turned a stern gaze back to Markus whilst he tried to work out what the fuck she was even talking about.

Lounds studied him for a moment and it was clear he was missing something. But then she sighed and walked towards him. No, *stalked*. When she stopped in front of him, she didn't hesitate before snaking her arms up around his neck and pulling him into a deep and dirty kiss. One which he automatically reciprocated.

They continued to kiss as he felt her arms move, felt her wiggle, and realised then that she had unzipped her dress and was shimmying out of it. It fell with a soft thud at her feet, leaving her in just underwear.

Markus pulled back, he was hard under his towel - tenting it. And maybe this was a terrible idea, but his brain was taking a back seat with all the blood rushing south.

He looked her up and down. She really was beautiful, all the more so for the surprising lack of pretension in her mismatched underwear - a black lace bra and cotton leopard print panties. Maybe he needed this distraction.

When the bra dropped to the floor, he moved forward, backing her towards the bed as he leaned down and took a nipple into his mouth. He held it lightly between his teeth as he licked over it, and pushed her back towards the bed. Her hands pushed up against him, but she didn't try to push him back, sighing as she spoke.

"I've been naughty…"

With a growl, Markus pulled back from her and turned them, he didn't let go of her as he sat on the bed and then pulled her across his lap. He quickly and roughly pulled her panties down to her thighs, leaving a mark where the material had caused friction against her pale skin.

“Is this what you want?” He taunted as he smacked a hand down on her ass.

Maybe it was harder than she had expected, because she cried out and flinched.

He heard another gasp too - Kurt - and he was about to be pulled back to reality when his attention was drawn back to Freddie as she moaned and nodded.

“Yes, yeah… Punish me…”

He smacked her again, the thwack of it resounding around the room.

“You said you brought Kurt here as a good deed. Well, no good deed goes unpunished, don’t they say that?”

Markus looked up then, and saw Kurt standing there, watching them. He was clearly hard, one hand rubbing over the crotch of his pants.

Fuck.

Markus kept his eyes on Kurt as he smacked Freddie once more, lightly this time before running his hand over her ass cheeks and down towards her pussy. She was so wet that he didn’t hesitate to push two fingers inside her.

She jolted and moaned, her hands gripping hold of anything she could as she tried to push back on his fingers. She moaned equally as hard when he took his fingers out and lifted her.

He stood up, next to the bed with her in his arms, looking away from Kurt as he threw her down onto the bed. She chuckled as she bounced, before settling and spreading her legs ever so slightly, rubbing her hand down over his clit.

Markus was so hard, but it wasn’t just Freddie. It was Kurt. He wanted to fuck Kurt so bad, and--

Freddie held out a hand to Kurt, drawing Markus’ attention as he slowly went to the bed. He leaned down over her, kissing her softly, as he continued to palm himself through his trousers.

Markus grunted and grabbed his wallet, pulling out the one condom he always kept in there.

“You want to fuck her?” Markus asked, pulling Kurt’s attention. The boy’s cheeks went even redder and he started to stammer as he tried to speak. Freddie chuckled again, levelling a challenging gaze at Markus.

“Why don’t you suit up, champ?” She asked.

He clenched his jaw. He was so hard, so turned on, but he really didn’t want to fuck her. He didn’t want her at all. His eyes darted back to Kurt, who looked away, embarrassed.

With a huff, Markus undid his towel and let it drop to the floor, stroking himself a couple of times before he ripped open the packet and slid the condom down his shaft.

Freddie had turned her attention back to Kurt, kissing him as she unbuckled his pants whilst Markus made his way back to them.

He settled on the other side of her, kissing her shoulder even as he watched Kurt. He slid a hand along her leg, moving it up so he could push his dick in, but she chuckled and squirmed away.

“Wait,” She replied before moving out of his grasp entirely so that she could continue helping Kurt strip.

Markus lay back and watched, stroking his cock as Freddie pulled off Kurt’s t-shirt whilst the boy took over pulling down his pants. He managed to kick them off, along with his shoes, leaving his pants caught around one ankle.

It was endearing, and Markus wondered if Kurt was a virgin. The thought made his cock throb in his hand and he hissed, trying not to get too close to coming.

Freddie was back kissing Kurt, pulling him down to her as she lay back down next to Markus. She stroked his cock, a little smaller than Markus, and - unlike Markus - cut. Markus wanted to fucking taste it.

But then Freddie was rolling back towards Markus, kissing him for a moment as she continued to stroke Kurt. After a few minutes of alternate kissing and writhing, all three of them were practically lying on top of each other. He was so close Markus could just reach out and--

Freddie broke the kiss and lay back into the pillows, pulling them both to her - her hands around the back of their necks. They both went willingly, kissing across her collarbone, both sides of her throat, and back and then--

She tugged them both together until they were breathing each other’s air, both aiming kisses at the same part of her chest. And then they were kissing.

It was a blur, he didn’t know how, but he was kissing Kurt. Feeling his seeking tongue in his mouth, the low vibration of a masculine groan.

His own hand came up to cup the back of Kurt’s neck, feeling Freddie’s hand slide away from under his as he deepened the kiss.

Markus was on his back, and moments later Kurt was on top of him, straddling him. He wasn’t even sure where Freddie had gone, but it was a passing thought as they continued to kiss and he forgot about her entirely.

Kurt broke the kiss to sit up, to sit back. He looked down at Markus in total lust as he began to move his hips. Markus’ hands went straight to Kurt’s waist, holding him as he moved. His cock slotted against the seam of Kurt’s ass and Kurt’s cock rubbed against the fur of his lower abdomen as they continued to rut together, gazing at each other in something like wonder.

They continued to move slowly, not breaking eye contact as they rubbed themselves against each other. Markus longed to take the condom off so he could really feel the flesh on flesh. But he didn’t want to break the moment.

They had clearly both forgotten entirely about Freddie, until she was there again and Kurt tensed and stilled.

“Mmm, very nice,” she muttered, her hand on his back, rubbing up and down as she encouraged him to continue writhing against Markus.

She leaned in and whispered something against Kurt's ear that he couldn't hear, but whatever it was, it caused Kurt to blush even darker and then nod.

With a light chuckle she moved back, but Markus could still feel her lingering on the end of the bed. He didn't realise quite how close she was until her fingers slid against his cock. He hissed out a breath at the unexpected contact and then moaned as he felt them start moving - not against him, but against Kurt.

Kurt moaned, his head dropping slightly as he braced back, leaving Markus to only watch him as Freddie worked her fingers into him.

"Mmm," she hummed again, "You're very relaxed, doing so good…" Her words were soft and soothing.

"I… I… fingered myself last night… when I was… I was thinking about…" Kurt started, barely able to get the words out.

"Thinking about Markus?" She offered.

When Kurt nodded Markus grunted, "Fuck!" and tried not to thrust up against him.

Instead Markus just watched, the blissed lax expression on Kurt's face was mesmerising. Little creases in his forehead rippled now and then as his cock twitched against Markus' stomach.

Markus was so enthralled that he let out a strangled cry when a hand unexpectedly gripped him. Freddie's lubed fingers stroked up and down his shaft twice before pressing his tip to Kurt's entrance.

It was Kurt who made the next move, immediately sinking down and engulfing the whole of Markus' cock with a low moan.

"FUCK!" Markus cried out, his hands gripping tight to Kurt's hips as he involuntarily bucked up.

"Yesss…" Kurt moaned, now falling against Markus. As the boy lay almost completely against his chest, Markus planted his feet and began to fuck up into him. Pushing his hips down to meet each of his thrusts. He could feel Kurt leaking between their bellies and his hot breath against his throat.

He had wanted this so bad. Not just to be inside another man, but inside *this* man. The young man he'd not been able to stop thinking about since they met a few days ago.

And apparently the feeling was mutual.

Markus moved his head, turning it so that his lips could find Kurt's kissing him hungrily - a sloppy, wet kiss as they could barely keep their mouths fused given the near violent rutting.

The kiss was only entirely broken when Kurt gasped and pulled back.

"There, there. Fuck. There, please…"

They continued to rut together, Markus clearly hitting Kurt's prostate over and over from the moans and shaking. It was the most beautiful thing Markus had seen in years, and grew even more so with every moment - with every crease of Kurt's brow and scrunch of his button nose.

“Oh god… so… so good,” Kurt panted, meeting his thrusts so hard that he was practically bouncing on Markus’ cock.

Markus grunted, needing to make some acknowledgement of how hot he found Kurt’s babbling. The grunts elicited from Kurt were the most erotic moans he’d ever heard, Markus was ready to explode.

“Gonna come, gonna come…” He ground out the words as he held Kurt’s hips tight and rabbitted up into him.

“Fuck, yes. Please, sir. Please…”

Markus’ vision whited out as his climax hit him like a train. His whole body tensed, his balls ached as they pumped, and all the air was knocked out of his lungs.

It felt like time stood still, but in reality it could have only been a few seconds because then sensation fully returned to his entire body and he thought he might die. Kurt rode him hard and fast, chasing his own pleasure on Markus’ over sensitive cock until he was coming between them and his ass was milking Markus for all he was worth.

A tingle ran through Markus a moment before his body convulsed and his cock spurted another short and sharp burst of come into the condom, a second climax wrung from him. After that his body went lax and boneless and he felt Kurt do the same against him.

The younger man collapsed onto his chest and they panted together as Markus started to soften inside him.

Over the sound of their breathing, another sound became apparent and Markus remembered they were not alone. Cracking one eye open slightly he looked over to the armchair by the window.

Freddie Lounds sat there, still naked with her fingers glistening between her legs. Her skin was flushed and she jolted slightly with the aftershocks of what was apparently a very good orgasm, from her expression. She grinned over at Markus and he managed a small smile of his own.

He was exhausted, so he couldn’t find it in him to move when she composed herself and stood. He watched her walk over and wondered what she was going to do - whether she would join them. Which… he found he really didn’t want, despite everything. But instead of getting onto the bed, he felt her take hold of the base of his cock. He winced as she held onto the condom and helped him slide out of Kurt without losing it, and then she removed it. He heard the wet thud of it landing in the little trash can next to the desk.

Another good deed on her part, something they didn’t have to get up a deal with.

As he was lulled by the gentle snoring coming from Kurt, he barely registered the sounds of someone shuffling around the room, a zipper being zipped back up, the door softly opening and closing. But he did realise they were alone, wrapped up in each other, and that felt right. It felt perfect.

He was grateful for Miss Lounds’ good deed.

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